

The Land of Broken Promises

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(Previously Continued)

"said you guessed you'd have to kill him for me, you know, and—oh, it was too awful! I must be getting foolish, I'm so tired out, but—what did you tell that Indian?" Bud glanced at her sharply for a moment and then decided to humor her. Perhaps, if he could get her quieted, she would stop talking and begin to eat.

higher and turned to black; they let down skirts and fringes and sudden stabs of lightning, while the wind sucked in from the south. And then, with a splash of rain, the shower was upon them.



They Thrust and Parried No More.

rose up there was a bond between them and they thrust and parried no more. They were friends, there in the rush of falling water and the crash of lightning overhead. When the storm was over and the sun came out they smiled at each other contentedly without fear of what such smiles may mean.

her. Again they were in a world that was all their own, an Eden with but one man and one woman. For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams came the desire for sleep, the cry of nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music far away.

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't say another word—because they'll notice a woman's voice—and if we don't run into some more of them we'll soon be climbing the pass." They had passed through some perilous moments, but Gracia had hardly realized the danger because of the assurance of Hooker, who was careful not to frighten her unnecessarily.

ribbons across the sky, and the line was not far away. Yet, as they came down from the mountains, Bud and Gracia fell silent and slackened their slapping pace. The time for parting was near, and partings are always sad.

SIX AND TWENTY Pendleton, August 25.—Several of our young people from this section attended the singing at Mountain Springs last Sunday afternoon. All report a nice time and some good singing.